Slasher

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Slasher

by orphan_account

Summary

A teenage Will Graham, who has an obsession with horror films and their killers, is off to camp with his idiot classmates. Thing's go fine, until he attracts the attention of a killer.

Wonder what qill happen on this week long expedition...

Notes

I'm not dead, I've just been really tired and busy for the past couple of days. And going through some writers block, this was supposed to be posted yesterday, but it wasn't.

This is going to be a short, sweet? Little fic for Halloween.

Hopefully it doesn't turn into something bigger

Enjoy!

See the end of the work for more notes

Welcome to Camp, kiddos!

Will hates the heat, he despises camp, and hates the outdoors.

Well…

That last part is a lie, he actually really loves the outdoors, loves going on hikes, fishing, or playing with the stray dogs that follow him. But going to camp with the kids in your high school senior class, well that's just like asking him to pull the string off a grenade and stand there with it.

It gets worse from there, not only does he have to sleep in a cabin with a bunch of meat headed, junkies, or techno geek kids. But he's also on the chopping block, as everyone wants to beat up on 'Weirdo Will', all because of something that happened in elementary school. It's surprising, to say the least, that he even made it to senior year of high school, with how much worse the bullying got after freshman year started. At least the younger kids decided not to pick on him, especially when Matthew Brown, and Mason Verger took a shine to torturing his poor soul. Now it made high school, which was already like a prison to him, a living fucking hell.

At least, out of everyone in his class, Beverly Katz was the only one who took a shine to the young man. Becoming fast friends with the weird kid, as they both bonded over their shared loved for horror movies, trashy rock bands, and murder.

Not-not actually murder, no, you know, like uh...murder mystery.

Yeah, that.

Well, when it's time for people to start putting out their jack-o-lanterns, and Halloween decorations start getting pulled out. That's when Beverly and Will begin to stay the nights over at each other house, missing the football games, which they never cared for. Usually they'd go to Will's house, as he has a little movie room where he stores all his favorite horror films, even ones that aren't even in English. It's like a man cave, except filled with horror books, films, poster, and anything under the horror category. Well, he's got a love for the horror genre that he'll never live down, which is why Beverly loves being his friend so much, because in hindsight their both weirdos.

And that's okay to them, as long as they have their bowls of popcorn, lights turned off, and a movie running they don't need prom or homecoming, or to worry about dating people. Which Will had stopped trying to do after freshman year, where Matthew and his gang of meatheads decided to throw out a dumb Carrie card, and pour pig's blood over Will's suit. His date laughing her head off, before leaving him to go to her real boyfriend, who she was just trying to get back with.

After that, Will just wanted to graduate, and leave this god awful town.

But here he was, with the rest of his class having to go on some October Camping expedition. Which literally no one was finding amusing, except for Matthew as he had already given some poor souls a wedgie, and pushed a kid in the lake. Thankfully, Will had been lying under the radar for awhile now, not wanting to deal with Matthew's gang for the week he would be at this stupid camp. The bus had dropped the students and teachers off, before turning around to leave them off at the camp entrance. To which some guys decided to race to the cabin where the boys would be staying so they could get the best rooms. Will could careless, staying behind with Beverly as she went on about how she was going to beat everyone at every outdoors activity there was going to be. Will nodding his head along as he soaked in th3 evening light, looking off into the direction of the woods, wondering what forest creatures lived.

And hoping that there was possibly a crazy homicidal maniac out there, ready to kill off a few meat headed kids.

Will felt a blush rush up to his cheeks, thoughts wandering to the dark things lurking inside of his head. Wondering what it would be like to watch as the killer killed everyone who had wronged him, blush gushing and spurting in every direction, as Will was covered in the aftermath of the disease. And then...and then they would-

"Will?"

"Hm? What?"

"You were spacing out again, what were you thinking of this time?" Beverly grinned, nudging jos ribs as she waggled her eyebrows.

"Oh um...just hoping that a killer was out in the woods, waiting to kill some high schoolers, and you know. The usually."

"Always thinking about the possibility of a killer being on the loose, aren't ya."

"Maybe."

Snorting, Beverly pushed Will, making him laugh as he nudged her back.

"Quit it looser, or I'll go find a serial killer to come, and cuddle you to death."

Will's cheeks flushed red, as he thought about an actual horror movie killer, with the beat up mask and bloody knives cuddling him. In the blood of his enemies.

Beverly was the only one who knew about his crush for the serial killers in movies. The way they lurked in the dark, watching their next kill before going in for the kill. God it got him all hot and bothered, watching whenever the killer was stabbing into their kill, blood splattering over their face. It was a secret of his that he kept close, not wanting to be anymore of a weirdo than he already was. Especially with his...disorder with seeing too much.

The kids had already found one secret out, he'd rather not have another one spilling out.

Shaking the thoughts away, Will seperated from Beverly's side to go see if he could find himself a decent room to sleep in. Only to find out that the attic was the only thing left, the attic which had a single window, dust conquering over everything in the room, and a bed that threatened to break with any weight on it. Sighing, Will fell on top of the bed, groaning as his whole body purred at the feeling of finally laying down after that shitty ride of a bus.

The next time Will wakes up, the sun has just started setting, and the dinner bell has rung twice already. Groaning as he sits up, Will runs a hand through the mess of curls atop if his head, sliding into the dirty boots he bought to wear. Only to open his eyes, when his sock covered foot hits something across the floor. Running his eyes over the dark floor they caught onto a misfigured shae lying under the drawer, getting down he reached out to grab the item under his desk. Revealing a strangely shaped necklace, there was some kind of deer head shape on the necklace, carved from what might be bone.

"Wicked." Will whispered to himself, jumping when he heard the dinner bell ring once more.

Shoving his feet into his boots, and placing the necklace around his neck, he ran out of the cabin towards the fireplace. Since the teachers decided they shouldn't have a mess hall, and instead thought the kids might do better eating outside. Only he had begun to slow down after noticing something seeming to be off in the atmosphere, the hairs on the back of his neck began to raise as he felt a pair of eyes watching him. Looking around he found nothing, except for the darkened outline of the woods.

He stared at the woods, for they had gone silent in his search for what might be watching him. His entire body seeming to freeze as he waited for some savage creature to jump out, and attack him. But nothing happened, and soon enough everything felt calm, and the forest was alive once more. Not thinking too much on what had just happened, Will quickly made his way towards the fireplace, grabbing the lunch set out, and finding his spot next to Beverly. The woman already chewing through her PB&J sandwich, grinning while Will sat down.

"What's on your neck."

Will looked down at the necklace, "Oh um...it was on the floor, so I decided to take it. It's cool right?"

Beverly chuckled, "I guess it is, kind of weird. But it fits you."

Chuckling, Will fished out the sandwich given to jim by the school, chewing on the thing and shrugging at the bland taste it had with it. Honestly, he had gotten so used to eating shit food, it didn't even phase him anymore with what he ate. His stomach could say otherwise, as he looked like a bag of bones rather than a healthy teenager.

Once dinner was finished, Will went back to the boys cabin to fish some clothes, before going off in search of the showers. He had a quiet shower, but when he was finished was when Matthew and his gang of dicks cameb into play. All of them looked ready to take a shower, only for that to be stopped as they saw Will, Matthew smirked at the younger kid.

“Well, well, if it isn't the weirdo. I'm almost surprised you even know how to take a shower, and here we thought you just wallow in your filth all year long.” Matthew poked, his crew snickering behind him.

“I was going to say the same thing to you, or well, at least you can clean the dirt off. You still smell like a hog that rolled in the dirt.” Will sniffed, going towards his clothes.

“Why you-!!”

Will jumped as the shampoo bottle was thrown at him, turning on his heels to make for the Exit. He could hear Matthew and his crew huffing and puffing behind him, as he ran deeper and deeper into the woods. Hissing as the bottom of his feet scraped against twigs, and sharp rocks. It was almost comical as his foot hooked under a tree root, causing him to fall, sliding down the makeshift hill into a clearing. Trying to focus on his surroundings, Will froze up as he heard footsteps approaching.

“Well, well, looks like the little twig couldn't keep up on his feet. Ya know what we're gonna do to you now, Graham.” Matthew hissed, grabbing hold of Will's curls to drag him up off the ground.

Whimpering, Will struggled in Matthew’s child, attempting to throw a punch at the jock, only for them to erupt into laughter. Except when We'll actually landed a punch on the asshole’s jaw, his smirk disappearing once Matthew’s fist connected with his stomach.

“Fuck you…” Will hissed, keeling over to protect his stomach, grunting as Matthew tossed him to the ground.

“I'm going to fucking kick your ass Will, here and now. And since there ain't any teachers around, no one can tell me when to stop.” the sadist grinned, lifting a fist up to throw at him.

Covering anything fragile, Will whimpered as he waited for the first to come.

Only…

It never did.

A snarl came from somewhere near them, catching the attention of the bullies, as they looked towards the underbrush. A pair of red eyes seemed to stare back at the crew of imbeciles, menacing as the snarl began to crescendo. Will watched as Matthew and his gang ran off, cursing as they ran with their metaphorical tails tucked between their thighs. But the moment was short lived as Will's eye's were brought back to the snarling beast in the bushes, it seemed to glide through the darkness, slinking towards Will until it was limbering over him. Massive obsidian antlers adorning the creature's head as it stood over him, Will could feel the sensation of a scream, only for it to be caught in his throat.

The creature tilted its head to the side, huffing slightly as it leaned forward just to-

“Are you smelling me?!” Will gasped, hands shooting up to cover his mouth.

The creature went silent for a moment, before something close to a chuckle came from it, it sounded more like a rumbling purr or something. But Will was just going to guess that it was chuckling at him, maybe mocking him, hell he didn't know.

“Why did you not run from me, boy?” the creature asked, leaning in closer so Will could get a better look at those horrible red eyes.

Stuttering with his words, Will tried not to let himself faint in front of the monster before him. Inhaling deeply through his nose, before exhaling, letting the whole situation wash over jim as he did so.

“Are you not afraid of me?”

“N-n-no, I just-well yes I am afraid. I just, I'm just-”

The creature tilted its head once more, a clawed hand coming up to caress down Will's cheek. The thumb running over his lips, before running through his once clean curls, running down his neck before coming the the front where his necklace was.

“And where did you find this?”

“M-my cabin, it was in my room.”

The creature hummed, releasing the bone carved thing, before running his claws down Will's chest. Letting the tips scrape across his skin, leaving white marks in their trail, stopping where Will's towel was tied together. He thought he saw a flash of teeth from the creature as it started down of the towel, his hand lower to rub over Will's conceal bulge, causing a groan to erupt from the teenage.

“You are not afraid are you, darling boy.”

“W-Will, m-my name is oh! Will!!”

Writhing under the creature's hand, Will tried to move his erection away from the creatures sinister hands. Only to have the monster snarl, and pull him back down to where he was, a cold nose pressing against his neck. Teeth, pale as the moon and sharp as knives scraping over his jugular, silencing his protest but releasing another moan.

“Will...I think I shall keep you. You seem different than most of the humans who wander in my woods, but you, you are different. I enjoy the taste of new things.”

“T-taste!”

His thoughts ran to the darkest part of his brain, bringing up ideas on how the monster would kill him. Perhaps cut open his chest and begin to eat him from the inside, or have take chunks out of Will's skin, watching as he bleed to death before eating the rest. The gory images did nothing to deter his bulging erection, the creature's hand rubbing over the hot flesh, before running down to the bottom of the towel. Reaching under to caress the inside of his thighs, as white fangs smiled down upon him.

“What should I do with you, William.”

“Oh god,” he gasped, “Pl-please just don't kill me. God, please. I don't deserve to die yet.”

“And why not? Shouldn't all of you mindless youths meet your final end one day, why not tonight when the moon is at it's peak.”

The thought of dying from the creatures hand made Will's eyes tear up, but deep inside he knew if the creature did kill him his death would be in honor, and not in vain. If he died he would no longer be able to live his life, rescue lost mutts, and perhaps be a policeman. But, then he'd have to join the real world after high school, deal with months more of bullying and ridicule, learn to live paycheck to paycheck and probably become a beat down alcoholic bum like his father.

Lying back down on the ground, Will's shoulders sagged as tears began to roll down his cheek. Although he felt sad to die tonight, it was probably for the best he did not live on, leading an already soiled life.

“I don't have much to lose anyways.” He whispered to himself, “It won't make a difference in the world if I lived, or if I died.”

Warm hands cupped Will's cheeks, a thumb wiping away each cheek, before soft lips pressed against his forehead. When he opened his eyes he still saw the black creature before him, but the menacing look in it's eyes were gone. Replaced with a different kind of emotion, one that Will couldn't seem to place down. His thoughts seeming to melt as the creature pressed kisses to his forehead, lowering down to nuzzle against his cheek.

“My dearest Will, I am not here to kill you.”

“Why not?”

“Like I said before, I find you very interesting.”

Hard Times When There's a Monster in the woods, and a Good Looking Doctor

Chapter Notes

> I am extremely bad at keeping up with chapter fics, sorry!! Next chapter may be the last one...or there will probably be another chapter. So, possible 4 or 3.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

When Will woke up he was, almost, surprised to find that he was back in the cabin bed. Looking around he saw that the sun was just beginning to rise shining rays of light coming through his window, blinding him for a moment before his eyes adjusted to the light.

“Was it all….a dream?” he questioned himself, looking around to find any possible giveaways that he might still be in a dream.

But...everything seemed to be...well.

Normal

Shrugging, Will laid back down on the bed, hoping to catch a few more hours of sleep. Only to notice the weight on his neck.

Eyes shooting open, he looked down to the carved necklace, gasping as he tore it off of his neck. Staring down at the bone carved eyes, before looking out of the window where the edge of the woods stood ominously. His heart hammering in his chest, as his body seemed to freeze the hairs on the back of his neck rising, as he has the sense of being watched.

It passed, but not with the cold feeling of icy claws raking down his back. Twisting away from the window he caught his breath, lying back under the blanket as he tried to recap all that had happened the night before. The only thing he could think about was those red eyes, those menacing red eyes, shining fangs, and those claws.

God those sinful claws, just the thought of them running over his chest, his cock bouncing to attention. Breathing through his nose, he set a hand over his heart, feeling as it settled down. Once he had calmed himself down enough, he slipped out of bed, pulling on some clean clothes. Moving quietly through the cabin, as to not disturb the sleeping kids, breathing through his nose at the morning outside air. Rolling his shoulders back as he headed down to grab something to eat for breakfast, no one would be awake until the morning activities had started, which wouldn't start until 9.

He had about an hour to spend, walking, hiking, maybe to go visit the lake. But his thoughts couldn't stop wondering back to the creature he met last night, those words whispering in the

back of his head.

“...I find you very interesting.”

What did that mean, perhaps the thing would not kill him tonight, but maybe tomorrow, or anytime not desired. Fear and anxiety beginning to run through his veins, as he suddenly felt like millions of eyes were watching him as he walked down the dirt trail.

Perhaps that is not what the monster meant, and instead….well...what else would the monster want with him?

Cheeks turning red as he started to get flustered, Will thought about the way the creatures hand ran over his hidden cock. Caressing and rubbing until he was hard-but-no. The creature wouldn't want such a thing from him, he was just skin and bones, nothing. His mind reeled with thoughts, questions, and ideas; worrying him with paranoia, his body racked with fear. Unable to shake off the evil thoughts, as he walked over to grab something quick to eat. Sneaking into the kitchen, he took a few slices of bread, spread peanut butter, and jelly on them before walking out as he slapped the slices together. Chewing on the slices he fled to the docks of the lake, hoping to find some fishes he might be able to catch, that is, if he found a fishing rod to fish with.

When he stood over the water, he could see his own raggy reflection, dark curls running down his neck and over his eyes. He could have probably passed off as some wolfman, if he were able to grow a big enough beard. Ruffling his hair, he froze as he saw something odd off to the side of his reflection. There in the back were menacing red eyes, they seemed to gaze back at him, as if knowing that he were watching. Hairs rising on the back of his neck as he turned to face those red eyes, only when he looked they had disappeared, gone.

Vanished.

But he knew, oh he knew, that the monster was still out there watching him. Just waiting to sink it's fangs into his skin.

Shivering at the thought, he quickened his pace back to camp, seeing as all the other kids had decided to wake the hell up meaning morning activities would soon begin. Groaning at the thought of having to do activities, especially outdoors, Will kept an eye out for Beverly, waiting for the joyful teenage girl to come running over to hug him. To which is exactly what the woman decided to do; waiting until Will was off guard before running over and giving him a crushing hug, scaring the hell out of Will as he thought it was Matthew.

“Shit, Bev, you fucking scared me.” he groaned, rubbing his arm from where Beverly had squeezed him so harshly.

“What can I say, I love getting the surprise on you.”

“This is payback for all those times I scared you during jump scares, isn't it?”

“Damn right!” she grinned, laughing as Will gently punched her arm, before pushing his back. “Damn Will, you punch like a girl.”

“You are a girl.”

“Wow, ruuude!” she giggled, before her smile dropped slightly as the teachers were calling the kids over.

“Alright, as you know, we have some very special activities planned out for the day. Don't worry, there will be a break at lunch so you can have some free time, but then we're back to the afternoon activities!” smiled Mrs. Bloom, staring down from her podium at the students, “This morning we’ll start off with pumpkin carving, hiking, and some crafts. And for the afternoon, we'll be going on a nighttime swim.”

The kids all made a noise, from groaning to cheering, and he's pretty sure he heard a few curses thrown out there. Looking over to Beverly who had nudged his ribs, she nodded over to the side where an older man was standing.

“Check out the hot silver fox over there.” she winked at Will, smirking to herself.

Will gave her a quick glare, before looking over to said man, his cheeks beginning to flush with color at the sight of the handsome figure. Ashen blond hair swept back, prominent cheekbones, and for some ungodly reason the man was wearing a brown three piece suit. He looked so out of place there, standing behind a group of teenage students who none of them wanted to be there in the first. Only to find himself a short of breath as the man turned to look at him, red eyes staring back at his blue, the smallest of smirks growing on the man's face before free turning away as Mrs. Bloom spoke once more.

“We also have a special guest here, a friend of mine who I invited to come help with activities. I'd like to introduce, Dr. Hannibal Lecter.” she smiled, motioning over the the handsome man Will had just been staring at.

The noise from the crowd seem to lessen as the students stared at the stranger, the girls eyes lingering on the man's face, while the boys looked him up and down with confusion. Hannibal gave a polite nod to Alana, before she started naming off the groups.

Group A, which Will had thankfully been shoved in with Beverly, was thankfully pumpkin carving for the morning. Dr. Lecter being the one in charge of the group, along with Mr. Chilton, both supervised over the kids as they carved their pumpkins. Dr. Lecter seemed to have a way with the students, mostly girls, if not a few girls. Coming around to each table to compliment kn each piece, speaking to each student before walking to the next table. Smiling as he looked over each work with an unreadable expression. When he got to Will's table, he tried not to hide under his table as Dr. Lecter’s imperious eyes stared down at his shitty pumpkin carving.

“A dog?”

“Uh...yeah-yes. I really like dogs, so I thought I might carve one. But I'm not really good at drawing, or anything so it probably looks-”

“Perfect.” De. Letter interrupted, smiling down at Will, eyes trained on the boys face, before looking back at the carving. “It's not often that you see people drawing something which isn't

related to Halloween on the pumpkin. I think it looks beautiful, Will."

Setting his pumpkin back down on the table, their eyes connected once more before Dr. Lecter walked off to see the other carvings. Releasing the breath he-didn't-know he was holding in, Will jumped as Beverly nudged him in the side again.

"What?" he hissed, glaring at the laughing girl.

"Dude, he totally wants to bang you. It was like you two were fucking while staring at each other, consider that your first time, Graham." she snorted, laughing louder when Will punched her arm hissing for her to be quiet.

"He can probably hear you right now, please just shut up."

"Calm down, Will, he's over there scrutinizing Matthew and his gang of idiots for stabbing their pumpkins. His mind is probably busy thinking about banging tha-"

"Bev!!"Will cried out, "No more, okay. Just shush, please!!"

Beverly giggled, before turning back to carve the witches cat she had been working on carving into her own pumpkin, bumping her foot into Will's leg whenever Dr. Lecter would pass by them. The man always seeming to glance over Will's shoulder to watch him work, before moving off to check on another kids project. Finally, the hour was up, and the students were sent back to their cabins to redress for hiking, Will not even worrying about changing as he wore the same shorts and t-shirt, only going to grab a jacket to keep himself warmed up from the fall wind. Following after Beverly, as they went to go meet up at the hiking trails where Dr. Lecter had said for the students to meet up.

Will couldn't help but gawk at Dr. Lecter who was looking rather ruggedly handsome in his changed clothes. Wearing jeans and a flannel shirt, along with hiking boots and a pack on his back. The jeans seeming to cling against his legs, showing off the muscle hiding underneath them, meanwhile his shirt's button held aggressively together. Keeping his proud chest covered from prying eyes, however there was a slim looking of chest hair that wanted to peek over the collar of the shirt. Gulping, Will took a sip of his water, blaming the heat from the afternoon sun on his redden cheeks. Leading the hiking trail was Dr. Chilton who decided it would be a great time to educate the class on nature, the kids groaning to themselves as began his long and wondrously boring historic montage about the species of birds which lived in these woods. Will droning the man out as he stuck to the back of the group, where he and Beverly pushed each other of balance, laughing before pointing out anything that they found interesting on their hike.

Only things didn't go as well for Will during the middle of the hike.

Of course, it would be just like him to have some unfortunate event happening on such a enjoyable evening. Paying attention to the ever changing autumn colors of the leaves, he had not seen the overgrown tree root before him, to which his foot had got caught in the thing. Falling forward, he slid down the hillside of the trail, slamming through tree branches and bushes before rolling to a stop. Spitting out a few sticks, Will groaned as he started to sit up, only to yelp in horrible pain looking down at his twisted foot. He was sure he'd probably be

forgotten in the woods by now, only to jump as he heard the sound of footsteps approaching. And if God didn't hate him already, he surely did now, as Dr. Lecter and his ever growing handsomeness appear through the bushes. A flash of worry coming across his features as he stared down at Will's leg, getting down on his knees he took a closer look at Will's leg. Those cold fingers of his tingling the skin under them, as they ran over Will's ankle, pressing down a little before pulling back as Will hissed in pain.

"It certainly isn't broke, but it will be in pain for a while. I'll help you carry you back to the camp, so you don't have to damage it any further."

"O-oh, no, that's fine, you really don't have to carry me back, Dr. Lecter. I'm sure I could just hobble back there, and go to the nurse."

Hannibal looked rather taken aback by this, "Seeing as I am the only doctor on premises, I will be the one to take care of you Will. And since you at this moment my patient, I will not allow you to 'hobble' all the way back to camp." He said, "Now, come on, we better get started before nightfall comes, who knows what could be lurking about in these woods."

Will's mind suddenly flashed back to the creature from the night before, fear and paranoia coming back to him as he looked around the area. Only to see that he was completely, or at least for the moment, safe with Dr. Lecter, who picked him up with eas for a man of his age.

Wrapping his arms around Dr. Lecter's neck, Will tried not to think about how ironic his position would be at this moment. He had never thought himself to be a damsel in distress, but apparently, life has a way of changing things around. Dr. Lecter had made it look effortless, carrying an 18 year old teenage boy, back through a hiking trail all to a camp which was probably three miles away. Neither of them broke the silence, as Will tried to look anywhere but Dr. Lecter's face, praying that no one else would be at the camp when they got there. And thankfully there wasn't, everyone still seemed pretty busy with their activities, and as Dr. Lecter had mention, the hiking trail was a lot longer than necessary. Especially, since Dr. Chilton had apparently taken them through the long way, when he said it would be the shortcut way, Will chuckling at that. Hoping a few kids might get lost in the woods, and be a late night snack for a few wolves.

"Here we go." Dr. Lecter hummed to himself, setting Will down on one of the beds, in the air conditioned medical cabin. The walls being covered in white wall print, with little green trees on them, two windows which both faced the treeline being the only source of time to tell him when it was night.

Dr. LEcter moved around the room for a moment, before coming back with a big brown bag, setting it to the side as he delicately pulled Will's sock and shoe off. Assessing the pulled tendon, before looking back up to Will.

"It's a little pulled, and out of place, I'm to push it back into place, but it may be a little painful. Do you think you can handle that." he asked, his voice a little softer as to keep Will calm.

Will was a little outraged as Dr. Lecter was almost treating him like a child, unable to stop himself from spitting back, "I'm not a child, you don't have to talk to me like I'm some

spooked horse.”

Dr. Lecter seemed to only chuckle at that, grabbing Will’s foot and ankle in his hands, “I apologize Will, I’m use to having to speak as such with patients, I used to be a surgeon before, and I would need to act calm in certain situations. It become sort of a habit by then.” Hannibal replied.

“Oh...how come you’re not a surgeon any more?” he asked, his confidence blowing away like a leaf in the wind.

“Well, I had killed a patient, or rather a patient had died by my hands, and it made me realize some people I couldn’t save. I was rather good at my job, and highly praised, but then I resigned and looked for a newer career. Of course, I did transfer my work into the culinary arts, as I have always loved using my hands for things.” he explained, before suddenly popping Will’s bone back into place.

Will hissed at the feeling, but it lasted shortly, as his mind was more preoccupied with thinking about Dr. Lecter using those hands on him. Looking, down at his leg, he sighed in relief as the pain lessened, leaving a small stinging feeling as he rolled it around a little.

“Wiw, that went a lot less horrible than I thought it would go.” he commented, before jumping as Dr. Lecter put his hand on Will's forehead.

“You're feeling a little hot Will, are you feeling alright?” the older man asked.

Suddenly, Will's thoughts ran to the erection being caged in his pants, and the fact the doctor was standing very close to him. Giving the man perfect view of his crotch. Feeling self aware, he tried to close his legs together, only for Dr. Lecter to step between them, eye's trained on Will's face.

“N-no, I'm feeling just fine, Dr. Lecter.”

Dr. Lecter seemed to chuckle at that, a wolf like grin growing over his face, “Now, Will, we don't have to keep up with the formalities do we? I'd like to get to know you on a more...intimate level.”

“...intimate!...”

“I didn't have my eyes preying on you all morning just for to run away, dear Will. Unless, I've frighten you, which wouldn't be in our best suit would it now.”

“Um….”

“Tell me, Will, do you find me sexually attractive? To the point where you can't get your mind off of me.”

“God yes…” Will's hands flew up to his mouth trying to smother the words which had already escaped his lips. Dr. Lecter seemed to smile more, reaching up to tug his hands away from his mouth.

“May I?” the good doctor asked, leaning his face closer to Will's.

Taking a moment to process the whole situation, Will slowly began to nod his head, only for his breath to get caught in his throat as Dr. Lecter kissed him. And god did it feel amazing, even better than how Will had imagined it to have happened. The doctor's lips slotting against his own, those large warm hands roaming over his chest, before cupping his face. Holding him there against his chest as they kissed, and did they kiss quit a bit. When Dr. Lecter pulled away, Will was still in slight shock from the kiss to even react to anything happening.

“I'd like to do this some more if you will allow it, Will.” Dr. Lecter smiled, his hands never leaving Will's body, trailing over his chest before dipping under his shirt.

“H-how far are we talking about?”

“As far as you wish, I would never take advantage of you, Will. I am a man of my word.” he smiled, leaning down to kiss Will's forehead.

“Ok...um, could we kiss some more, I'd really like to kiss you some more.” Will asked, his own awkwardness getting to him as he ducked his head down.

Fingers held his chin up, forcing Will to look at Dr. Lecter, the man smiled at him, something that melted straight through Will's heart.

“As you wish my dear.”

And just like that their lips were connecting once more, Will clung to Hannibal's shirt as the man kissed him, feeling those raging muscles beneath his fingers. Gasping for air, before moaning as Hannibal's tongue teased the inside of his mouth, hands groping his ass. Unbuttoning Hannibal's shirt, Will palmed over the older man's chest, feeling the muscle and strength beneath his fingers as his erection strained in his pants. Gasping in both pain and relief, Hannibal's hand deftly worked over Will's erection, palming him through his pants before pulling away from the kiss.

“May I?”

Unable to speak, Will resorted to nodding his head, watching as Hannibal unzipped Will’s jeans. Releasing his erection from its hold. Then gasped as the older man got down on his knees, and began to fondle his lips over Will's cock.

“O-oh!” he cried out, Hannibal's lips wrapping around the head of his cock.

Hannibal hummed around his cock, sucklibg at the head before sliding down to the base, causing Will to startle. Hands coming up to tangle in that ashen blonde hair, Hannibal smirking as Will tugged slightly before starting to bob his head up and down. Will groaned, feeling his cock blossom with blood, and Hannibal's wet hot mouth around him. The suction of his lips bringing him to his knees. And then those teeth, Hannibal had used his teeth lightly to scrape against Will's skin, making him startle a whine out of his throat.

Unable to hold himself any further, Will gave a tight tug on Hannibal's hair, mumbling something that he thought might be words. Wanting the doctor to pull off, before he was met with a face full of come, but he wouldn't budge. And Will could no longer hold it in. Giving out a loud cry, Will came into Hannibal's mouth, cheeks flaring red as the older man sucked everything out of Will. Those maroon eyes staring straight up at him, while he finished, pulling off slowly before giving Will's cock a little peck.

“Marvelous.” he breathed, Will's face becoming even more redder than it had been all day. “I'd like to do this again if you would like, Will. I seem to be quite enamoured with your charms.”

“W-why me? I'm like the worst of the bunch, you could have easily persuaded some of the hot cheerleaders into bed, but instead you chose the freak.” Will questioned, his own self loathing and anger boiling inside of him.

Everything seemed to slow down as Hannibal took Will's face in his hands, having the younger man look up at him. Eyes stern as his voice stayed calm and collected.

“You are much right, that I could have chosen someone else, but it's not always about beauty Will. I can see that dark thing lurking inside of you, spilling out like an oil spill, and I just want to gather it up and keep it for myself.” Hannibal answered, pressing another kiss to Will's lips, before pulling back with a smile, “Now get dressed, I believe the other's should be coming back sometime soon now. Oh and Will, let's try and keep this a little secret between you and me, understood.”

Will nodded his head ferociously, watching as another smile was giving to him, a hand playing with one of his curls.

“Such a marvelous creature you are Will, how lucky I am to have you.”

Chapter End Notes

Kudos and Comments are loved!! See you in the next chapter!!

In Which Swimming Leads to Murder

Chapter Notes

> I have no idea how I keep posting this thing so quickly, healthy updates are a beautiful thing that I will never accomplish!! And with that being said!
>
> Enjoy

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Will had no idea exactly how to feel, well, possibly in love was for one, but he felt more confused about everything in his life at this very moment. And it was all thanks to that handsome doctor, Hannibal Lecter. Once again Hannibal had gifted Will with more of the taste of his hot mouth on his skin, sucking wet kisses against Will's neck, before having to let him go see his friends.

“Can we meet again, tonight?” Will asked, sitting in the doctor's lap, while Hannibal's fingers ran through his hair. Both tired from their messy makeout, Will more so than Hannibal, as the man's mouth had been merciless on his skin.

“Of course, I am staying in a cabin by myself if you would like to meet there, but it is a bit deep into the woods. You'd have to follow the hiking trail to get to it.” Hannibal suggested, nosing against Will's sweaty curls, not minding the smell at all. In Fact he seemed to have a strange fondness for scenting Will, it was probably some weird kink the doctor had.

“Why did they make you sleep in your own cabin? And so far away from the camp.”

“I asked for my own, I am a man who rather enjoys my privacy, interest of sharing a vicinity with strangers.”

Snorting, Will chuckled a little, “You have no idea how awful it is having to sleep in the same cabin, as the assholes who bully you everyday.”

That seemed to be the wrong choice of words, as Hannibal had grown furious at once, his expression darkening into one of grim. It was almost terrifying how dark his features had gotten, body turning into some; rigid and cold, before relaxing as Will squeezed his shoulder.

“I apologizes for ny behaviour Will, that was uncanny for me, though it is a bit angering to find out that such a lovely creature as yourself is being ridiculed.”

“Yeah, well, they don't call me Will the Weirdo for nothing, it's been going on for years, so I'm use to it by now.”

“How long?”

“Hannibal, it's fine really, I've gotten use to the-”

“How long, William.”

Will could feel the power in Hannibal's voice at that, something dark swirling inside the older man, growing and festering inside of him. Shuddering, Will layed his head back down, closing his eyes as he let his hands feel the power beneath them, the contracting muscles and blood singing.

“Elementary is when it began….”

A warm hand came up to cup the side of Will's face, Hannibal's thumb stroking his cheek, before the older man had him looking up into his eyes. Hannibal’s hands felt hot, searing hot even, like that man held the inferno inside him, Hell was at his fingertips. And yet the way he looked down at Will had the younger man melting into a puddle, those maroon eyes were full of a warmth that Will had never once felt directed to him. The only person ever to make him feel happy was Beverly, and his father when he was younger, but somehow, somehow Hannibal had his insides turning into mush. He felt like a cat wanting to just curl up in his owner's lap, lazily sleeping in the sunlight, while Hannibal would go about his day.

But with his empathy disorder he could also see that dark shadow, which lingered in the darkest part of Hannibal's eyes. A part of him feared what might be lurking in there, and the other half of him wished to see what the good doctor was keeping locked away from the world. Like a secret being kept between two childhood lovers, one that might lead to a bloody trail, or something far darker.

The trance Will was in was broken as Hannibal had finally spoken, “I they harm you again, tell me, and I'll take care of them. Understood.”

He could feel the silence if a threat there, but Will knew the doctor couldn't actually harm the kids, unless he wanted to face federal court. Snorting, Will shook his head at Hannibal, with a small smile playing on his lips, “What are you going to do to them?” he asked, “Murder them?”

Hannibal gave Will a chilling smile, one that made the temperature of the room drop increasingly, as if it were a cold spot. The world suddenly fell silent, and he could no longer hear the bluejay’s song. Everything felt cold...and evil.

“We should be getting back with the other campers by now, it is getting rather late, and swimming will be happening soon.” Hannibal said, helping Will to stand up, brushing off an invisible dust on himself, before fixing his clothes.

Will raised an eyebrow at the doctor's words, before shrugging it off as an old person thing. His mind thinking about how he'd have to go to, since his leg was perfectly fine, and he could walk on it without any pain. Following behind Hannibal, Will pulled his clothes back on, making sure to hide any of the lightly bruised marks Hannibal placed upon him. Nuzzling against the doctors back, as Hannibal packed his medical equipment away, grinning as Hannibal chuckled in response.

“Will you be joining everyone at the lake tonight?” Will asked, hoping to see what swimwear Hannibal had brought with him, and was praying that the doctor brought a speedo along instead of swim trunks.

Hannibal turns around in Will's arms, lifting his chin up with a finger as he leans down to place a kiss over Will's lips. A smirk playing on his facial features when he pulls away, Will following after for another taste of the man's lips.

“Are you expecting me to be there?”

“Yes.” Will grins, “I'd like to see you swim around in a lake full of teenagers, one being the one who captured your eyes and heart and is walking around with nothing but swim shorts on.”

“Wouldn't that be a sight to see.”

“Indeed.”

“Lucky for you,” Hannibal grins leading Will over to the front door, “I happen to be the designated lifeguard for the night. I'll see you then, my sweet William.”

Will's cheeks flush at the pet name, ducking his head as he levels the medical cabin, making his way straight for his room so he can scream into his pillow. Screams of joy of course, as he can't believe he somehow caught such a handsome creature to be his lover. Some tiny part in his mind was a bit distrusting towards the doctor, waiting for the moment when everything went wrong, but right now it all just felt right. Well, at least it lasted for some time, before all the other campers returned, and Will's peace and quiet was ruined for the whole night.

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It wasn't long until the bell had rung once more, and the students were rushing out of their cabins, all ready to go for a swim in the lake. Well, at least most were ready, a few stumbled along the others, some deciding to keep on their regular clothes, as they refused to go swimming. Catching Beverly’s familiar face in the crowd, Will walked over to his friend, only to look over and see Hannibal's deep maroon eyes staring at him. He wondered if he should smile back, or wave, but that might not be the best idea, instead Will looked away still feeling the rush of heat to his cheeks as he stepped to stand next to Beverly.

“Hey, what happened to you during the hike, you just suddenly disappeared on me?” Beverly asks, an eyebrow raised and smirk playing on her face.

Will was shocked by the question, clearly she must have seen him fall down the hill, or heard him crashing through branches. How could she have not seen Hannibal going into the woods after him?

“Umm…” he began, “I fell into some bushes, and dislocated my ankle.”

“Oh shit, are you ok? Will what the hell!”

Will ducked his head down, scratching the back of his head before answering, “Dr. Lecter helped me back to the camp, and then put my foot back into place.”

“Oh...oooOOOhh!” a smile bursted onto Beverly’s face, and Will knew he was going to regret his decision right there. “So, how was your one on one time with Doctor Sexy, Graham? Did you two smooch? Tell me what kind of a kisser is he; is he a really good one that has you weak to your knees, or is he all nasty and likes to use his tongue?”

If there was a group of scientist there, they would have discovered the newest color of red, because Will was pretty sure his face was beat red. Beverly laughed wildly at that, while Will reached up to hide his face away, wishing he could just sink into the ground at that very moment.

“Seriously, Bev that was so uncalled for, I hate you so much, I hope you die miserably.” Will cursed, grunting as Beverly punched his shoulder.

“Whatever you nerd, I'm going to live to 100 and then die a miserable death, it better be good too. Like it needs to go down in the world's most horrible way to die.”

“Is that even a thing.”

“It will be when I make it.”

“Ugh, whatever, let's just go swim.”

“Aye, aye captain.”

Rolling his eyes, Will followed the other students as the group made their way over to the lake, a couple of kids already jumping into the water, a few just simply sitting and chatting with friends. Will watched as Beverly ran across the dock before catapulting into the water, screaming as she threw herself into the air, before splashing into the water. When she came up for air, Beverly waved at Will to come on in, smiling at him as Will made a face.

“Get in looser, or I'll drag your ass in the water!” She yelled from the water.

Huffing, Will walked to the end of the doc, arms crossed over his chest as the wind blew by. Leaving a chilling sensation over his skin, as he walked farther away, turning his head to the side he caught sight of Hannibal watching over the students as they swam, before his eyes locked onto Will's own. Will felt his breathing stop for a moment, his eyes lingering over Hannibal's well muscular chest and stomach, those strang arms that had him in their hold not to long ago, and oh those lovely red eyes of his. A shudder ran down Will's spine as a smirk began to play on Hannibal's face, the man giving Will a wink before turning his head away. Gaining movement once more, Will turned around to see Beverly still waiting on him to get into the water, and with one finally inhale he ran.

Down the creaking wood of the dock, before bursting off the edge with power, jumping as far as he could into the air. Like a bird flying off into the sky, free and graceful as eve, before plummeting back down to earth. The waves shattering beneath him, suckibg him down under, chilling and harsh they were. But to him it was peaceful, like an awakening into a new world,

one that did not last long as he came back up for air. Laughing as Beverly splashed water at him.

“I don't know if you've notice, friend of mine, but don't look now but a certain doctor appears to be showing off a little.” Beverly winked, nudging Will's shoulder, before tilting her head to where Hannibal was standing.

“I know.” Was all Will could muttering, his eyes staring at Hannibal's tantalizingly beautiful back muscles, watching as they stretched and contracted with every movement. Feeling heat pool into his abdomen as Hannibal bent down to assist someone out of the water, the small girl yelling at her supposed boyfriend as he only laughed at her anger.

“He's so charming.” Beverly sighed, “I bet his wife wouldn't let him 3 feet out of his sight, knowing how easy he could have someone in his bed.”

Will scoffed a little to himself, “What makes you think he's even married?”

“It's just a statement Graham, jeez don't get your knickers in a twist.” Beverly grinned as she pushed Will's shoulder when he stuck his tongue out at her. “Anyways, I'll be right back, I need to run to the bathroom to go do some lady stuff.”

“Ew, too much information there.” Will said, making a disgusted face, before grinning as Beverly slapped his shoulder. Leaving Will alone, as she ran off to the woman's restroom.

Will swam by himself for a bit, diving down to see if he could find any fish that might be swimming around in the muddy water. But his fun did not last long, as suddenly he was being pulled out of the water by two sets of hands, coughing on the water he had swallowed Will felt himself being dragged onto land and further off shore. Blinking the waters out of his eyes, he froze up as he saw Randell and his goons were carrying him off, furiously he began to kick and bite at them. Only for a fist to connect with his jaw, making him his out in pain.

“Trt and fucking scream, and a punch isn't the only thing you're going to get.” Randell hissed at him, causing Will to shrink as they continued to drag him away.

His anxiety grew as he was dragged further and further from the lake, knowing that even with Hannibal's words, the older man wouldn't be able to find him now. To which he knew this would be his certain doom, bile growing in his throat as he tries not to hurl at the thought of what Randell might have in store for him.

Finally, he was thrown forward onto the ground, where he grunted, rolling onto his back as to sit up. Only to freeze when he heard knuckles popping, looking up in absolute fear at the three menacing glares of Randall and his two goons.

“So, boys,” Randall began, “What do you think we should do tonight to our favorite little fag?”

The goons snickered at that, before one spoke up, “Maybe we should try and beat him straight, I heard they did that back in the war.”

“Hmm, that sounds plausible, how about instead, we cut this little shit to pieces.” Randell hissed, pulling a pocket knife outx clicking the thing open as he stared down at Will. “What do you say, Willy boy?”

Will couldn't help but stare in horror at the knife in Randell’s hand, his body going completely rigid as his heart began to race.

“Er, that might be taking it a bit too far, Rand-”

“Fuck off!! I'll do as I motherfucking please to this bastard, so if I want to cut him, I'll cut him. And if one of you fuckers say anything, I'll beat you next.” Randell snarled at them, his tao goons slinking back as they watched the other kid move closer to Will. “Now what should I cut first? Your balls or perhaps your mouth so you can't go telling on me?”

One moment Will felt absolute horror striking through his veins, freezing his body cold as if he were frozen. But suddenly, as if by some unholy miracle, he moved. Not away from Randell. No, he felt his hand form into a fist before connecting with skin, the knife dropping next to his leg while Randell fell back. Snatching the knife up, Will stumbled to his feet, body shaking full of adrenaline, while Randall began to stand up.

“Motherfucker, I'LL KILL YOU!” he growled, lunging right at Will.

He didn't think, didn't have, for what he was about to do next was something he had dreamt of doing for years.

The blade first connected with skin, before piercing through muscles and nicking a bone. Blood began to seep from the wound, but the blade held strong in the body. Randell froze at that, his face having turned into a mix of shock and rage as his eyes looked down at the blade inside of his abdomen. His hands began to shake wildly, as his eyes shot back up at Will, a strangled noise escaping through his lips, while blood slipped down his swim shorts.

Inhale

Exhale

Collecting himself in a flash, Will glared at Randell, both hands fraspibg the handle of the blade, as he said, “You only have one life to spare Randell, and now you've lost it.”

With the quick jerk of his hand, Will spun the blade up, before ripping it up Randell’s chest, cut him him all the way up to his collarbone before pulling the blade straight out. Blood spraying everywhere, as some dripped down his hands, and chin, his heart racing and beating against his ribcage while the smell of iron surrounded him. Randall gave another strangled noise, before falling down, blood cascading out of his chest, while Will watched him in his misery. When he looked up, Randell’s goons had been watching in terror as their fellow student had just been butchered.

“H-holy shit! You motherfu-”

He did not get to finish his sentence, as suddenly massive black antlers were gored through his chest. The kid tried to scream but felt his breath escaping quicker than he knew, the antlers leaving his body quickly while the other kid stared in horror. He cried out, and turned to run, but the monstrous black creature from the first night was leaping onto him. Pulling his head back to expose his throat, to which the creature tore a large chunk of flesh from the kids throat, swallowibg the mighyy piece in satisfaction. Will watched as the monster shredded the kid's back open, blood seeping from the other as he suffocated on his own blood. Taking a step back, Will froze as a stick cracked under his foot, catching the beast attention quicker than he had hoped.

The red eyes turned to stare at Will, cutting through the very fabric of his soul, as it frew closer. The hand holding the knife trembled as he held it up, attempting to keep the creature from arms length away, but knowing that his fate was already sealed.

“St-stay back, I'm warning you.” Will stuttered, slipping down onto his ass, as his legs began to shake violently with fear.

The creature made a small rattling noise from its chest, before moving to stand over Will, its imperious antlers reaching high above his head as he stared down. Will waited for the creature to strike him down, only to hear a chuckle erupt from the creature, as its long black clawed hands came up to cup Will's face.

“My dearest Will, you are mine, and I do not harm what is mine.” the beast stated, grinning wickedly.

Will would have called bullshit, if he weren't so terrified of dying at that moment. The beast seemed to find his horror amusing as it chuckled once more, clawed fingers stroking Will's cheek, before thumbing some blood off his chin. Bring it up to his lips to lick off, humming at the taste of Randell’s blood on his tongue. Sharp teeth exposing themselves as the beast smiled with great pleasure.

Will’s mind was screaming with fear, but as he stared longer at the beast and listening to that smooth voice, Will could have sworn he heard it from somewhere before.

And suddenly it clicked. The eyes, those cheekbones, his lips, even the voice. They all belonged to the same person, a person he knew very well.

At least, he thought he did.

“H-Hannibal, you're a…”

“Monster?” the creature-Hannibal interjected.

“I-I-how? What even are you?”

“An ancient creature known as a wendigo, one that survives off the flesh of it's fellow men, and lives forever. A gift and a curse, one that I have been burdened with for so many years, but that might just change possibly.” Hannibal explained continuing to pet Will, as the younger man shook underneath his touch.

“You said on the first day that you found me interesting, and that I was yours...why?”

“Because, my sweet William, you have something in you that no one else does. A darkness that I wish to contain, to let grow inside of you, to watch as you transform into something beautiful.”

“You want to make me into what you are, so then you won't be lonely.”

Hannibal made a strange rumbling in his chest, like a large cat purring while being stroked, causing Will to shudder at the strange noise cheeks flushing with color. Hannibal took Will up into his arms, cradling Will close to his chest as he nuzzled against Will's curls, before pulling back. Red eyes gazing into blue, the silence between them breaking as Hannibal spoke.

“You have a choice now Will, where do you want to go now?”

There was no need to pick and choose, Will had already decided when he first met Hannibal. When he first figured out Hannibal was the beast, it was what had popped into his mind at first glance. Something he qished to have all his miserable life. Looking into those dark red orbs, Will blinked once, the moon shining perfectly down on Hannibal's obsidian skin making him appear like a shadow than a physical thing. He knew where his life would go now, and he was going to take it.

Chapter End Notes

Hah, cliff hangers aare the best, there was going to be hot mosnter sex but naaaah. Ok see you next week maybe

In which someone finds murder to be more sexy than it should be!

Chapter Notes

I’m not even sorry for how long this took me to get off my lazy ass and finish :)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Cold

It was possibly the only way for Will to describe Hannibal’s lips, as he pressed his own against the creatures before him. His bloody hands coming up to cup the creatures cold, black face in his hands. Tilting his head to the side, as to prevent their noses from smashing one another, his lips pressed against death’s own cold ones. Hannibal made an undefinable noise, like a growl mixed between the soothing noise of a purr, before taking Will's body into his arms. Holding the boy close to his chest, as he licked and kissed at Will's lips, slipping his tongue between those plush lips. Groaning, Will's bloody hands smear over Hannibal's face as he holds the monsters face in his hands, reaching around to wrap around his neck.

Pushing Will down to the ground, Hannibal takes the moment to slip down and scrape his teeth over Will's throat, pulling a hearty groan from the boy. Will whines softly as Hannibal's lips and teeth tease against his neck, beginning to mark bruises up his collarbone, before sucking at his neck. Groaning, Will holds onto Hannibal's antlers, gasping as those lips attack his skin, harsh and hot like a fever.

“Ooh, Hannibal, yes!” he moans, hands trailing down to dig his nails into Hannibal's bareback. Heat pooling into his abdomen as he feels his cock twitch to attention, biting on his bottom lip Will can't help but try and hold back his moans. Afraid of someone walking in on them having sex, but Hannibal thinks differently, nipping Will's skin hard enough to have the boy opening his mouth and moaning once more.

“Let me hear you, my sweet Will, I want to hear every little noise that you make. I'm going to feast upon your flesh tonight, and bring you to the most euphoric of orgasms tonight.” Hannibal growls into his skin, leaning over to mark up the other side of Will's neck.

“Hannibal-oh!” Will gasps, purring at the monster's words as the flame inside of his stomach lick at his insides.

Growling, Hannibal presses Will's body down against the ground, rutting his hips against Will's own pulling out more moans from the younger man. Grunting as he feels Hannibal's harden cock rub against his own, Will gasp as his body arches perfectly off the ground to press against the heat of Hannibal's skin. Drowning in the monsters lips, as hot kisses are seared into his skin, sharp fangs nipping lightly at the soft flesh. Groaning, Will reaches down

between them to grip at Hannibal's massive cock, playing lightly with the head of it, while watching the creature above him react beautifully. Hannibal howls with pleasure, pressing his face against Will's neck while snorting and rutting into his hands, acting like some wild and untamed creature. And yet, here he is bowing the whim of Will's hands, following with each stroke, and creating a pleasant noise while Will explores every inch of his cock.

“My beautiful boy, you are such a wondee.” Hannibal snarls into Will's neck, sharp fangs pressing against Will's skin. He can feel the monster above him snap it's kaws, ready to tear into his flesh, but Hannibal is stronger than his primal needs, and holds fast so his lover may explore him.

When he finishes with investigating Hannibal's cock, Will moves his hands back up Hannibal's chest, pressing light kisses over the ebony skin while Hannibal collects himself. Clawed hands run down Will's side, before hooking into his swimsuit, red eyes stare into his own waiting for a response, and when Will nods his head those claws tear right through his swimsuit. Shredding away Will's last piece of clothing, leaving him nude in front of the creature. He watches as Hannibal licks his lips, taking in the glory sight of Will's nudity, before leaving a trail of kisses down to his flushed cock. Warm lips wrap around his cock, pulling a startled moan out of Will as he plants his hands onto Hannibal's antlers, grasping for something to hold him steady as those lips suckle at his most sensitive of body parts.

“Hannibal, oh god! You're like the Devil with those lips.” he cries out, hips bucking into Hannibal's mouth, as the man swirls and plays with Will's cock with his tongue. Humming lightly in response, before sucking harshly at the skin, causing Will to buck and cry out with pleasure.

Pulling off from Will's cock, Hannibal nuzzles against the flesh, before going to staring down at Will. His menacing form would have sent men cowering in fear, and yet it only excites Will further.

“Open yourself for me, my love, for I'm afraid if I were to use my claws on you I could tear you open.” Hannibal says, a light purr with his voice, as Will pants heavily underneath him.

“I don't...what am I going to use for lube?”

Leaning forward, Hannibal grins with an evil intent, but Will knows the monster wouldn't dare to harm him. Instead, Hannibal placed another kiss adobe Will's forehead, before saying, “I’m sure you can figure that out on your own.”

Looking around, Will's eyes are caught onto the shine of the blood still gushing from one of the former bullies bodies. Getting up he bends down near the body, before coating his fingers in the blood, his cock twitching at the warm sensation of it in his hands before moving to sit back down. Leaning back against a tree, Will opens his legs to give Hannibal full view if what he's about to do, tentatively beginning with a single finger as he starts to finger himself open. Hannibal croons at the sight, his own cock leaking with precum as he watches with lust in his eyes.

Moaning in response, Will adds another finger inside of himself, his breath hitching as his body reacts so lovingly to the finger. Head falling back against the tree as he moans

unabashedly, quick to add another finger after a few minutes of only using one. Hannibal's eyes are trained to where Will's fingers enter inside him, a loud rumbling noise coming from the creatures chest as he breathes heavily through his nostrils, watching the debauched sight of Will opening himself up. Melwing as his own fingers rub his insides, Will opens his legs further to allow Hannibal a better look at what his fingers are doing to himself. Blood and sweat mixing together to create slick wet sounds as his movement moves quicker, adding another finger has Will gasping as he pushes deeper inside of himself. Blue eyes meet with red ones, sending a warm shok down Will's spine to pool in his cock, watching as Hannibal's cool statue slowly loosens up. The monsters cock leaks heavily between his legs, precum pooling on the ground as the creatures clawed fingers dig into the ground, growling slightly as pitched moaning squeaks come from Will's lips.

Moving with quick speed, Hannibal pushes Will flat onto his back, tossing the boy's legs over his shoulders as his nose nuzzles between Will's thighs. Catching in the middle of a moan, Will's hands cling to the roots of the tree behind him, crying out as Hannibal's wicked tongue delves inside of him, lapping up at the bloody, slippery mess he made. A undignified noise comes from the beast, some primal wicked noise, that has Will's cock leaking over his stomach, threatening to explded as he tightens his legs around Hannibal's face. The man all bt purrs, as he pushes deeper inside with his long vile tongue, it presses deep inside of Will, lapping and smooth around his insides before pressing up against a soft spot that has Will crying out like his whole body has been burned. Stopping for a minute, Hannibal shifts around their positions, letting Will relax for a minute, before suddenly having his tongue attack the poor boys sweet spot once more. Ruthless as he presses and tickles against that delicious spot, watching as all of Will's control dissipates, breathing heavily as he reaches up to hold against Hannibal's normous antlers, crying out over and over again.

"HAN-Please!! I'm going to come if you don't s-s-stoAAP!!" Will cries out, clenching around the monsters tongue, attempting to push away but knowing his body will betray against him for more of that wicked tongue.

Rumbling in response, Hannibal laps at his hole a couple more times, before finally pulling away. Letting Will have a moment to relax and catch his breath, before hiking the boys legs back up, pulling a strangled cry from Will as Hannibal presses his engorged cock up against Will's hole.

"Are you ready, my sweet boy?" Hannibal purrs, that vile smirk of his sending Will's cheeks flushing, as his eyes dip down a little. Nodding his head vigorously, Will clenches his eyes shut as he waits for the pleasurable pain of Hannibal's cock entering him. Only it doesn't happen, instead soft lips are pressed against his face, nuzzling against his forehead, waiting for Will to open his eyes back up. "I will not proceed unless you are absolutely sure Will, I need a vocal response from you. I will not harm something as precious as you."

Gulping, Will licks his bottom lips, slowly reaching up to pull Hannibal's head down to his face, pressing sinisterly sweet kisses to the monsters lips as he lets his mind roll over the questions. He knows what his answer will be, and he's certain that Hannibal already knows as well, as he can certainly see through Will's walls. Pulling away from the loving kisses, Will runs his thumb down Hannibal's nose, before tracing over his lips, "I'm sure you already know what the answer will be, but you just want me to say it for confirmation...Yes,

Hannibal, my answer is yes. I want you to fuck me in the most animalistic way ever, I want you to have me howling like a banshee until my throat is sore, and I can't walk for the next couple of days."

Grinning, Hannibal presses another kiss to Will's lips, saying a soft, "As you wish.", before aligning his cock up against Will's opening. The fit is tight, as Will didn't add as nearly as enough fingers as he probably should have to fit the monsters size. His jaw drops at the sheer size of Hannibal's cock, moaning whorishly into the creatures neck as his fingernails drive their way into his lovers only skin. Biting down on his bottom lip when Hannibal pushes further, before having his mouth teased open by a wicked tongue. Grunting, Hannibal rumbles into Will's lips pressing the younger man against the tree behind him, as he thrust deeper inside of Will. The beast moans at the feel of the velvety inside of Will's hole, the tight fit grasping lovingly around his cock as he moves deeper.

Once situated inside of his lover, Hannibal nuzzles against the panting boy's neck, purring as Will adjust to the size of Hannibal's cock. Finally he moves, his pushing out slowly, stuttering slightly as Will's hole squeezes violently around him, crying out in pleasure as his vision blurs out. Pressing back in is a bit easier as Will grows more accustomed to Hannibal's fit, lapping at the sweat dripping down Will's neck, Hannibal pushes rougher into Will quickening his thrust as Will's noises grow at the speed. Thundering into that sweet hole, Hannibal snarls as Will makes the smallest hint of whines, pleading lovingly into Hannibal's ears for him to move quicker.

"Han-oh-please!! Oh!!" Will cries out, arms turning their hold around Hannibal's neck, the creatures hips snapping in and out of Will like his life depended on it.

Lines of bips and kisses are pressed down Will's neck, as a more feral part of Hannibal grows within him. This primal beast wanting to escape and take Will rough and mercilessly, bending his boy over and having his ways with him. He purrs at the ner thought of how after this he'll bring Will back to his place, and gorge the boy on the finest of pigs and fill him with seed every night. Will would no longer remember what it was like to be hungry as Hannibal would make sure to feed him at every moment, cherishing the moment when Will's taut stomach starts to fill out and he no longer looks malnourished. And when he's done feeding him, he'll watch as his lover becomes another wendigo like himself, how his stubs of antlers will begin to grow, and his teeth will sharpen. Thinking about how the two of them will sneak out into the night, killing all that are next ro be on the table.

Snarling, Hannibal's pace begins to quicken rapidly as that primal part takes over a part of his brain, wanting to pull more lovely noises from Will. Gasping underneath Hannibal, Will moans in ecasity as his lover's movements begin to take a fast turn, though he is unaccustomed to having sex he knows he'll be sore the next morning. Nuzzling against Hannibal's warm skin, Will moans a croaked boise as his throat grows scratchy from being used so much. A noise erupts from Hannibal's chest as he presses his nose against Will's neck, sharp teeth connecting with breakable skin as they pierce through the muscle.

Crying out, Will finds his vision going black with stars, as he comes with a great blow of ecasity. Hannibal is not much further as his body quakes with power, hips jackhammering into Will's hole before finally pressing back in to explode within Will's ass. Moaning as his

cock is squeezed and fit snugly inside of his lover. Panting and heaving both men begin to calm down as they catch their breath, Will laying down against the dry grass as he feels the sweat drip down his back. He winces as the pain in his neck comes back sharply, ignoring it as best as he can while he turns his head into Hannibal's soft caresses.

“My sweet boy, how lucky I am to have caught you. No one will ever lay a hand upon you, you are mine, and only mine.” Hannibal purrs triumphantly, cleaning the blood from Will's neck, as his lover calms down.

“I don't think I'll ever be able to walk again because of you, asshole.” Will snorts, laughing as Hannibal nips at his ear. Before turning into that of a massive lazy cat, nuzzling against Will's face while peppering him with kisses.

“Sleep, my love, tomorrow you will feel better. I promise.” Hannibal sighs, his body going lax, as Will's hand comes up to stroke across his cheek.

“You sure? Cause I'm pretty sure I'm going to be in a lot of pain tomorrow.”

“Sleep, Will. I'll take care of everything.”

“Whatever you say, Hannibal.”

Pressing another kiss to Hannibal's lips, Will lays his head back down against the cool grass. His eyes closing on instinct as sleep washes over him, the cool bight wind blowing over his heated body, as the calming weight of his lover lays a top him.

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For two weeks Will had endured a life lived well. Well...still living, really, as he's still alive, and still living with his older lover, Hannibal Lecter. Who happens to be a man who lives in the high socialist of Baltimore, having people hound after one another just to get his attention. Onky none of them seem to be able to grab at the ring leaders eyes, all but for Will who holds the rope on the tiger. Hannibal has become rather...possessive over Will, wanting to be the only person the younger man comes in contact with, as he rubs and places marks over his skin. Wanting to show everyone that this man belongs to Hannibal Lecter, and if anyone who dared such as to look at Will wrongly would be punished severely. Will had not thought much of Hannibal's possessiveness, as he enjoyed the feeling of being loved and fed everyday.

Hannibal had once mentioned to Will how he enjoyed cooking, and it wasn't until the older man had stripped a few chunks of meats from Will's former bully’s. Did he realize how good of a cook the man was. He relished in the foods made by Hannibal, cleaning everything off the plates given to him, and when he was stuffed Hannibal would make sure he didn't go to bed unsatiated. Hannibal was like the finely crafted lover that everyone desired to have, and yet he had become quickly out of reach when Will had stepped into the picture.

So now Will has the luxury life, though his last year of high school is still a dread, Hannibal has come to make it more...well interesting to say the least. At least when it comes to their teo night time activities, which Will always looks forward to doing each night. Waking up

each morning in a large silk bed, with warm arms wrapped around his waist, and Hannibal's face resting in the crook of his neck.

“Can’t I just stay here with you, all day? Instead of going to school.” Will whines, burrowing further into Hannibal's warm arms, as his alarm clock blares next to him.

“Will, you only need to finish one more year of school, and then you are finished, my dear. Besides, you only have a couple of weeks before it is winter break.” Hannibal suggested, pressing a few kisses to Will's neck, before rolling out of the bed to open the curtains.

“Hannibal, DON’T!!” Will cried out as the older man ripped open the curtains, causing Will to cry out and pull the covers over his head.

“Don't be dramatic Will, now up, it's time for you to get up and go to school. Don't make me drag you out again.” Hannibal smirked, remembering when he did have to do such a thing, as Will was as stubborn as a mule.

“Five more minutes, please? You kept me up late, I shouldn't get punished for that.”

Sighing, Hannibal let himself fall for his lover's trick, leaning down to press a kiss to those plush lips before mumbling, “Five more minutes, and then you are to get up and dress. If not, I am bringing a cold bucket.”

“You wouldn't.” Will gaspes.

“Wouldn't I?”

Grumbling, Will turned over to get as much sleep as he could in those five minutes, leaving Hannibal to go and prepare breakfast. It didn't bother him, he loved his young stubborn lover and would do anything for his Will, but his boy needed an education as well as a healthy life. And he would get it, no matter what the consequences were.

Chapter End Notes

Hope you enjoyed this weird ass story!! Now time for me to go hide for another five months!

End Notes

I hope this is going good so far, because I have no idea what to do for the next chapter!! This was literally something I wrote in the span of one night, because I was watching some horror movies!!

Kudos and Comments are always loved and cherished!!

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!